

Keeps Frost Off Windows

Don't you dislike to leave the warm living room and undress in a cold bedroom where the frost is thick on the windows? No need to any longer—

PERFECTION Oil Heater

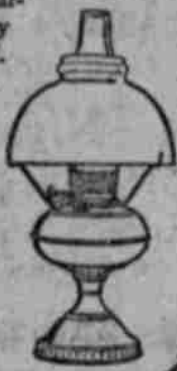
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

makes any cold room cheerful and cozy in a trice and keeps it so. It has a smokeless device—that means no smoke—no smell—no bother—just direct intense heat. Finished in Japan and nickel. Brass font holds 4 quarts, burns 9 hours. Easily carried about. Every heater warranted.

The Rayo Lamp

is unequalled for its brilliant, steady light, simple construction and absolute safety. Equipped with the best central draft burner. Made of brass, nickel plated. Every lamp warranted. If your dealer does not handle the Rayo Lamp or Perfection Oil Heater write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK (Incorporated)



A CONSPIRACY.

(Original.)
"Mrs. Martindale, I have a request to make of you."

"Make it?"
"It is that you will enter upon a conspiracy with me to marry my father."

"The color came to her cheeks, and she bent her head."

"If you are not joking, if you really make this request, you are paying me the highest compliment I have ever received."

"I am in earnest. I assure you, first, because I esteem you very highly and am sure you would make my father happy; second, because that fortune hunter, Anabel Green, is scheming for him, and unless I can turn him into another channel who will get him."

"What do you wish me to do?"
"Nothing except what I do at an opportunity moment may ask you to do."

"Dear old man! I would gladly make him happy if I could, but never would I entrap him into what he might regret."

"Do you think he would not regret marrying this Green woman? Come; don't be squeamish. I am not likely to turn my own father from the frying pan into the fire. We shall all be at Mrs. King's fancy dress ball tonight. I know father has been seeking an opportunity to speak to the Green for some time and will doubtless find it and speak at the ball tonight. Remain here till I call for you, and when I call be ready to go with me at once."

My father was a gentleman of the old school and had never got over the youthful halcyon days that all that is human female is lovely. My mother knew him better, and before she died she left me two injunctions—first, to protect my father from the designing ones; second, to be careful in the choice of a wife for myself. My father was always most indulgent with me. I do

not remember ever to have been severely reprimanded by him but once, when he heard me make a cutting remark to a girl who had been endeavoring to prejudice me against one who was supposed to be her bosom friend.

"She's a friend," I said by way of excuse.

"She's a woman," replied my father severely.

My sister Edith was in the conspiracy. We had determined, since we could not prevent our dear father from taking a second wife and, besides, would be glad to have him marry Mrs. Martindale, to bring him into a position where he could not honorably marry the Green woman—I cannot bring myself to speak of her more respectfully—and could not honorably refuse to marry Mrs. Martindale.

"Edith," I said when I reached home, "have you seen the Green?"

"I have, and she told me the costume she would wear—Marie Antoinette. Have you seen Mrs. Martindale?"

"Yes. She makes no promises. I have not asked any. I think she will help us. Now, mind, don't let father get out of your sight a moment from our entrance into the ballroom. I have a plan, but it may be balked. I may, at a moment's notice, choose another."

I went to the ball alone in a coach of my own, in which I had a bundle containing a Marie Antoinette costume. When I entered the ballroom there was Edith—a Queen Elizabeth—hanging on to the arm of father—King Henry VIII. I looked eagerly for a Marie Antoinette and espied one standing alone at the other end of the room. I joined her and asked her to dance. She complied by a nod—she would not speak to me—and it was an hour before I discovered that she was not the Green.

I was horror-stricken. Our enemy must have suspected Edith—she knew we were watching her—and purposely misled her. Doubtless she had succeeded in some other costume in securing father. I hurried off to find him and felt reassured when I saw him, Edith clinging to his arm like a shipwrecked sailor to an overturned bulk.

"Has any one tried to get him?" I whispered.

"Yes; a woman in a simple yellow domino. She made several attempts, but I told father I felt faint and begged him not to leave me. She is our enemy. I heard her say something to him, but could not tell what it was. He simply assented, and as she went away he held up his two forefingers."

"Good! She's going to take him home at 11 o'clock. Stand to your guns, Edith, and at five minutes before 11 take him into the conservatory and hide him if you can. You'll not see me again till then."

I intended to go to my customer for

a yellow domino, but as I went out in came my Cousin Frank Englehart with the very article I wanted. I was obliged to tell him the whole story to get it, but once having it in my possession I took my carriage and was driven to Mrs. Martindale's. I had time to get back with her to the hall and ten minutes to spare, which we spent in the conservatory. When the hands of my watch pointed to five minutes of 11 I took her in, robed in the yellow domino and left her at the conservatory door. Edith, seeing what she supposed was the enemy advancing, clung to father. I signaled that all was well. She resigned her charge to the lady in the domino, who led him to his carriage. I joined Edith. She was trembling with excitement.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Mrs. Martindale. Let us trust that he will propose."

"And if he does?"

"He will stand by his proposition."

My father was very reticent the next morning, but toward noon called me and Edith into the library to inform us that a new wife would preside over him if not over the household. She was Mrs. Martindale.

ARTHUR D. BURROUGHS.

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HOODOO FOLLOWS
MYSTIC HINDU VASE.

Misfortune Befalls Women of Iowa to Whom It is Presented.

Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 25.—The feeling is growing that some strange hoodoo attaches to a certain vase that has been in the possession of the Women's Relief Corps in Iowa for several years past, for bad luck seems to have persistently followed its possessors.

A few years ago at the national gathering the presiding officer was presented with a large bouquet of roses, and as there was no proper receptacle on the stage in which to place them, some one left the hall and returned with a vase.

When the gathering closed no one claimed the vase and the vase delegates carried it off to their state headquarters. There it attracted much interest because of its strange design and mystic markings, which bespoke its Hindu origin.

The ladies regarded it with longing, but no one claiming it, the presiding officer, with mock ceremony, presented it to one of the unmarried members, with the hope that it would bring her a husband before the next annual meeting. It was stipulated that the vase should again become the property of the organization when the charm returned next year, accompanied by a husband, interest in the curious vessel became tremendous, and there was a keen rivalry among the sister members as to who should next receive it.

The second disposition was made by a vote of the delegates, who christened it the "loving cup." Strangely enough, the experience of the first custodian was repeated by the second and third, and last time at Dubuque it was voted to a Waverly girl. Only a few hours after receiving the vase she suffered an accident which laid her up for several months. Two women who received the vessel lost their husbands within a year of their marriage, and the health of the husband of the third is said to be failing.

The Bill Collector.

Collectors of bills are such hot-tempered men.

I hope I'll never meet with one of 'em again.

I chanced to owe somewhat for 3 suits of clothes.

And Bill, the collector, oft dunned me with oaths.

Each Friday, at 9, to my office he'd come.

And shout: "Come across! Come across, with that sum!"

But I would never answer: "There's small mon in rhyme!"

And thus I'd stand him off 23 times.

But yesterday—be-voings!—his passion did break—

He rushed at me, screaming: "Blas't you for a fakel!"

And though I protested, "Bill, don't be a bore!"

He seized me and heaved me in rage to the door.

And camped on my bosom and sprawled on my chest,

And let his stout foot and his fist do the rest.

But though he beat devil's tattoos on my face,

I took the affair with a very good grace.

Said I: "Do folks like these rude things that you do?"

Said he: "Well, I'm making a great hit with you!"

"Do you," I mused, "care for the pastime, perhaps?"

"I care for it," up answered he, "several raps."

"I confess, I don't like it," I went on—

"Ouch! Ouch!"

"You have a kick coming!" said he.

"Here is now!"

"I hope you're enjoying it, Bill," muttered me,

"I'm havin' a thumpin' old time," muttered he.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.



This is the trademark which is on every genuine bottle of Scott's Emulsion

sold in nearly all the countries of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old.

All Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Peter Pan" Saturday Evening.

The following is an outline of J. M. Barrie's successful play "Peter Pan," which Charles Frohman's company will present at the opera house to-night.

In the first act we see Peter returning to the Darling house in search of his lost shadow. The children are asleep and the nursery unguarded, and with the



only of Tinker Bell, whom mortals see only as a dancing ball of light, he finds his shadow. But he can't make it stick. Fortunately Wendy wakes and sees the trouble that he is in, and being a motherly little soul, sees his shadow on the floor. Peter tells her all about the fairy world he lives in and it seems very charming to Wendy. So she wakes the other children. Peter teaches them all to fly, and away they go through the window to the Never-Never-Land.

The second second act is in the Never-Never-Land, where Peter and his band build a little house for Wendy. And here we see the blood-thirsty pirates and their wicked leader, Captain Hook, who is Peter's mortal enemy.

The third act shows the children's home underground, guarded by their faithful friends, the Redskins. The pirates attack the redskins and drive them away, and Hook puts poison in Peter Pan's medicine glass, but Tinker Bell saves him by drinking it herself and is about to die when she is turned to stone by the reassuring message that all children believe in fairies.

The fourth act shows how Hook captures the Little Darlings and the band of Lost Boys and carries them off to the pirate ship. But in the darkest moment of peril Peter comes to the rescue, and the band throw the pirates into the sea.

In the fourth act the children return to their mother, for the heart of a child goes home when the day of adventure is gone.

The last scene is a glimpse into Fairyland itself. There Peter, in his little house, high up in the tree-tops, waves a friendly good-bye to all who believe in fairies.

"You Have Seen Some of the Best, Now Come and See the Very Best."

The Lorne Elwyn company, the most popular vaudeville company in the East, will be at the Barre opera house for one week, commencing December 30, opening their engagement with Owen Davis masterpieces, "Anita, the Singing Girl," a four-act comedy drama. Miss Grey, the leading lady, who is considered one of America's foremost emotional actresses, will be seen in the role of Stella, supported by an excellent company, one of the greatest if not the greatest success that Miss Grey has ever made. She is without doubt one of the most popular histrionic stars in the country.

Mr. Elwyn, the leading man, is too well known to need much comment, but those seeing him during this engagement will say that he is the best ever seen here.

Just a word about the vaudeville acts the company carries this year. They are seven in number and include, "The American Magician, Davis," otherwise known as the man who mystifies, Edmund and Corrine, "amateur comedians," in a camp fire of fun and delight; Baby June, the six-year-old child and the cleverest child on the stage to-day; May Maxwell, the charming sourette, who has them all beaten in this line of vaudeville; Will Krates, eccentric comedian; Stella, My, eccentric dancer; Oswald, "king of the whirling wheels," and all the latest hits in illustrated songs.

The plays are all new this year and include, "Anita, the Singing Girl," "Lena Rivers," "A Royal Prisoner," "Who Shall Judge Her?" Seats on sale Saturday at Kendrick's drug store. Prices, 10c, 20c and 30c.

100 CHOLERA DEATHS DAILY AMONG MECCA PILGRIMS.

Dread Disease Making Great Inroads Among Religious Enthusiasts.

Constantinople, Dec. 23.—The cholera is committing great ravages among the pilgrims to Mecca, the deaths at Mecca Medina and Yemo averaging 100 a day.

PRAISE FOR ROOSEVELT

For His Part in Central American Peace

BY THE LONDON TIMES

The Modernists Are Excommunicated by the Pope—The Chilean Nitrate Strikers Return to Their Work.

London, Dec. 25.—The Times in an editorial yesterday morning, rejoices at the improved prospects of peace in Central America, resulting from the recent congress held at Washington, which it regards as a great triumph for President Roosevelt's diplomacy. The Times adds that it is an instance of the best use of what enlightened imperialism may be put, and that it is just because America is becoming an imperial power and awakening to the responsibilities implied in this that she has been able and willing to undertake this task of pacification.

GIVES MODERNISM SEVEREST BLOW.

Pope Puts Scientific Paper at Milan Under Greater Excommunication.

Milan, Dec. 25.—The Pope on Christmas eve has issued the severest blow he has dealt against modernism, it being nothing less than the promulgation of the greater excommunication against all concerned in the production of the monthly review, Il Rinascimento, which is published here.

The greater excommunication is a penalty that has been rarely imposed in modern times. Even Victor Emmanuel escaped its severity. Among other things it deprives its victims of Christian burial and relieves the faithful of all duties respecting the bodies and souls of those denounced, whether they are alive or dead.

The magazine Il Rinascimento is a scientific periodical. The decree explicitly strikes not only at the proprietors and editors, but at the whole staff—printers, contributors and subscribers. The directors announce their intention to continue a firm but respectful resistance to the Vatican's policy, which they declare is crushing liberty of research, which their review embodies.

EMIGRANTS STILL RETURNING.

Great Problem in Italy Presented by Arrivals From America.

Rome, Dec. 25.—Ten thousand Italians returning from America arrived at Naples yesterday. Ten thousand more are expected within a month. The resultant congestion is creating a problem for the authorities, as the emigrants insist upon remaining in the city and seeking employment there instead of going to their native villages. Many are destitute, and it is likely that the government will soon be forced to provide free food and lodging for them.

CLERGYMAN SHOOT ANOTHER IN DUBLIN

The Rev. W. White in Serious Condition Gibbins Gave Himself Up to Police.

London, Dec. 25.—A dispatch from Dublin says that the Rev. W. White, diocesan curate of Cashel in county Tipperary, was shot and seriously wounded Christmas day by a brother clergyman, the Rev. Thomas S. Gibbins, who until recently officiated in the position now held by Mr. White.

Gibbins, who is a Protestant clergyman, drove out in a jaunting car looking for his victim. He found Mr. White also in a car, returning from conducting service at Ballingarry, a village in the eastern part of the county.

Mr. White drove hurriedly down a side road, but he was overtaken by Gibbins. "Speak with me and explain before you shoot," pleaded Mr. White.

The wounded man was carried to a neighbor's house, and later to the Dublin hospital, where it is said he is in a serious condition. Gibbins drove hastily away and gave himself up to the police.

A brother of the wounded man, also a clergyman, says he knew of no quarrel between White and Gibbins.

ALBERTA MOB RAIDS THE CHINESE QUARTERS

Riot at Lethbridge at Rumor of Murder in Chinaman's Restaurant.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 25.—A dispatch from Lethbridge, Alberta, says that because they believed that a prominent citizen had been murdered in a Chinese restaurant 1,200 men raided and wrecked the Oriental quarter last Christmas night. Restaurants and laundries were smashed, and doors, windows and entire fronts of buildings were reduced to splinters.

The regular police of the town were powerless, and a brigade of mounted police had to be called out to quell the riot.

Try This for Your COUGH

It will yield quickly to the soothing and healing effects of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. A tested remedy that cures coughs and colds.

Sold by druggists.

Hale's Tonic Drops cure in one minute.

The Story of a Medicine.

The name—Golden Medical Discovery—was suggested by one of the most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure tripe-sodium glycerate, aided by certain degrees of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the new well-known "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its makeup.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the thorough chemical tests of the highest scientific authorities, and are found to be pure and reliable.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different kinds of ailments, it will be seen that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, laryngitis, bronchitis, and all other wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and perseverance in its use until you give it a fair trial, and it is as likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

WEDS RIVAL SUITOR OF GIRLHOOD DAYS

Mrs. Minerva J. Kenney Bride of C. K. Mann, Whom She Had Not Seen in Years.

New York, Dec. 25.—A romance out of the ordinary is attached to the marriage of Mrs. Minerva J. Kenney, wife of the late J. A. Kenney, of Newark, N. J., and Charles K. Mann, of Hialeah, Fla. The bride had the privilege of marrying two men who were once rivals for her hand, the second ceremony taking place 28 years after the first.

Mrs. Mann was formerly Miss Minerva J. Bowers, daughter of William H. Bowers, then of Delaware but now of this city. Her hand was sought in marriage by Mr. Kenney, who lived in Detroit, and at the same time by Mr. Mann, who resided at Hialeah, Fla. She married Mr. Kenney and went to live at West Orange.

Mr. Mann married and lived at Hialeah. His wife died about four years ago. He came to this city on business last summer and visited Mrs. Kenney, not having seen her since her first marriage. The result was the ceremony.

FAMILY OPPOSES, BUT THE COUNT WEDS

Swedish Officer Takes Masseuse as Wife—Threat of Disinheritance.

New York, Dec. 25.—Count Gustav Oxenstierna, lately lieutenant in the King's Own Guard of Sweden, resigned his commission last October, and with \$200 emigrated to America to make his fortune. He is now enjoying a honeymoon with his betrothed of two years in a flat on East One Hundred and Sixth street.

The count is 24 years old. He fell in love, with Miss Anna Sandberg, 20, whose facial massage shop in Stockholm was patronized by society and royalty. His family opposed his love affair violently, but threats of disinheritance had no effect on the young officer.

The count soon after his arrival here found a place in an insurance office, in which after a month he gained a promotion and increase in salary. Then he called Miss Sandberg to come on and be married.

HOW DEER FARE.

They Eat Balsam and Drink Ice Water in Wintertime.

How the deer fare on Christmas day may interest readers living in regions where the snowfall is lighter than it is in the Adirondacks. A few days ago a severe wind storm passed over the Adirondacks, leaving a large quantity of fallen trees in its wake. The deer were down everywhere in the higher mountains, and two of them were pounced on by the deer and striped of every bit of their foliage. The snow, which was nearly three feet deep at the time, was as tracked up as to resemble a sheep pasture, and branches were scattered all about, showing that the numerous deer present at the feast were so hungry that the remnants were grabbed and carried to a distance to be eaten at leisure.

Beds were noticed in the vicinity of almost every fallen balsam, and the nearest brook was tracked heavily in search of water to slake their thirst after a diet as heating as this. The temperature had been so low for a fortnight, however, that water was as scarce as on a desert, only the larger streams being open in small places. Where there were iceless the tracks showed that the deer had resorted to extracting water from the roots of the frozen moss, but even iceless were scarce during the long cold snap.

Storms like this one break down many grand old trees. Immense spruce were down all over the hills, and frequent detours had to be made in following the trails on snowshoes. But these big trees in falling generally carry several balsams down with them, and in this way the deer subsist on the food that is ever in plain view, but which is beyond their reach save after wind storms and heavy snowfalls.—Forest and Stream.

RACE RIOT FEARED.

Whites Prepare for Clash in Henrietta, Oklahoma.

Henrietta, Okla., Dec. 25.—A race riot, growing out of the lynching of James Gordon, a negro, is threatened here. Every available fighting man has been sworn in as a deputy, but the whites have only 1,200 rounds of ammunition. There are unconfirmed reports that an armed band of negroes is preparing to attack the town. The steps taken so far by the whites appear to be merely for protection. A number of negroes have purchased arms, however.

FIVE LOST IN NIGHT FIRE

Clark Family Suffocated in Watertown

FIREMEN WERE DELAYED

By a False Alarm—Three Were Removed, but Too Late—Mother and Daughter Were Buried in the Ruins.

Boston, Dec. 25.—Five persons, the entire family of John Clark, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the Clark home in Watertown, a suburb of the city, early yesterday. Not one of the family was awakened by the flames, and all were burned to death as they lay in their beds asleep.

The dead are John Clark, his wife and their three children, John, aged 11, Philip, aged nine, and Doris, aged two.

The cause of the fire is not known, as the building was in flames when the fire was discovered by a neighbor, shortly after one o'clock yesterday morning. The house was about two miles from the center of the town and by the time the firemen reached the scene the house had been burned almost to the ground. The firemen were able to locate the bodies of the father and the two boys, but the mother and the little girl were not found until the ruins of the house had cooled sufficiently to permit a more thorough search. Mr. Clark was a salesman in a seed store on Faneuil hall square, Boston.

The house was valued at about \$3,000. It was nearly daylight before the ruins of the building were sufficiently cooled for the firemen and police to continue the search for the remaining bodies. That of Mr. Clark was found near the chimney, badly disfigured, while the body of the baby and the other children, also charred, were a few feet back.

The five forms were wrapped in blankets, furnished by neighbors, and yesterday forenoon were carried to the establishment of a local undertaker.

The local police at once began an investigation as to the probable cause of the fire, assisted by several men of the fire marshal's office of the state police. The officers had very little to work upon as the house was a mass of smoking debris, and charred timbers, many of which had been thrown about during the search for the bodies. Persons living in the vicinity could give but very little information regarding the origin of the fire and the cracking of flames shortly after midnight was the first indication of the fire.

Those who were apparently the first to see the fire said that the entire structure was enveloped in smoke and flames when they looked out of their own windows and that no cries or shouts were heard.

Apparently, according to this testimony, the fire swept up through the house after the smoke had suffocated the inmates, and this was also borne out by the appearance of the bodies, for none of them showed signs of a struggle, but more as if death had overtaken them in their beds.